

LETTERS

from Old Friends and
Members *of the* Wyoming
Stock Growers Association





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THE S. A. BRISTOL COMPANY



CHEYENNE, WYOMING

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Foreword

At the annual meeting of the WYOMING STOCK GROWERS ASSOCIATION, held in Cheyenne, on Tuesday, April 7, 1914, the following resolution was adopted:

RESOLVED, That it is the sense of the Association that the President appoint an Historical Committee to gather data for a history of the Association and development of the cattle business in the State of Wyoming, said committee to consist of three members, with power to appoint a sub-committee consisting of one member from each county in the State; and that every old member of the Association is earnestly requested to furnish said committee all memories and available data, that they may be able to properly commemorate the pioneer history of Wyoming.

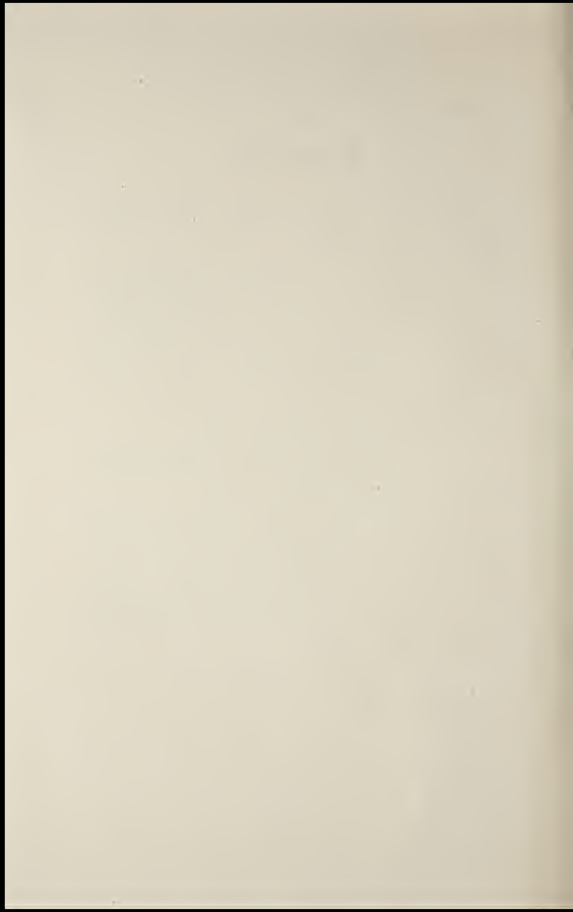
Honorable John B. Kendrick, who was then President of the Association, appointed the following committee: Mr. N. K. Boswell, Mr. B. J. Erwin and Mr. Harry E. Crain.

Mr. Boswell notified the Secretary that it would be impossible for him to serve on the committee, and requested that Mr. Crain be delegated to assume the duties of chairman.

Mr. Crain communicated with a number of the old-time stockmen, requesting them to record their experiences of early days on the range. But few are left to tell the story, and we are publishing in this little pamphlet the letters written in response to Mr. Crain's request, printing them in the order in which they were received. They contain much of historic interest—memories of the picturesque days of the cattle business—typifying the character of the men who rode the range and laid the foundation of Wyoming's greatest industry.

THE COWMAN — GOD BLESS HIM!

CHEYENNE, WYOMING,
June 5, 1923.



BOSTON, MASS., March 12, 1915.

MR. HARRY E. CRAIN,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

MY DEAR SIR:

You ask me in your letter of March fourth for "all the information I can think of" about the early history of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. This is a large contract, and having nothing but my memory to rely upon, I fear that I might go far astray on dates and facts. These should be accurate for any "history" but there are *some* events that are deeply impressed upon my memory. If your committee will accept reminiscences, they may prove of interest to the present generation who are now members of the Association, and recall to the "Old Timers" who are still extant, some incidents of the early days when the Wyoming Stock Growers Association was recognized throughout the West as a powerful agent for law and order in a country so vast and so sparsely populated that the accepted legal methods of the "effete East" were powerless to protect life or property where every man was "a law unto himself."

It was in the late seventies and the early and middle eighties, that the Association reached the zenith of its power and its usefulness. Then the "open range" included western Nebraska, southern Dakota, eastern Montana, southern Idaho, northern Colorado and the whole of Wyoming, with Cheyenne as the *centre* of the range cattle business.

The prospective profits of the cattle business and the picturesque life of the "cow boys" who, at that time were founding a type now renowned in song and story, attracted men from all walks in life and of many nationalities. Englishmen like the Frewens, Irishmen like Horace Plunkett, now Sir Horace Plunkett, and Scotchmen like John Clay, were representative of many of their race who came to the great West to try for a fortune, and with it get a touch of *real life*.

Of Americans, nearly every city of every state in the Union had one or more of its citizens to share in the building up of a great country. Boston was largely represented, and there were so many Harvard graduates that a jocular cow boy once said, so far as he could see "it took four years for a Boston feller to go through Harvard College to fit him to come to Wyoming to learn cow punching at \$30 per month." But the Harvard men, like Teschemacher (or "Teschy" as he was better known) and his friends, came and stayed. They soon learned that the cow business was not all "picnic" but it brought out the best there was in them and they made good citizens, ever ready to help in the building up of the country of their adoption.

On the first Monday in April the Wyoming Stock Growers Association opened its annual meetings at the Court House, Judge Carey or "Tom" Sturgis, or some other good man in the chair. And such a gathering of *real* men would be difficult to duplicate. "Cattle Kings" and "Cattle Barons" from all over the great range country, owners of thousands of cattle, and the "little ranchman" with fifty or one hundred or more were there, all united in the one desire to do the best they knew how for the business. Cooperation was the watchword; the good of one was the good of all.

Also came the managers and general freight agents of the railroads, bringing with them their live stock agents, to make rates and secure contracts to carry the thousands of fat beeves to the Chicago market in the shipping season. Who could withstand the cheery smile of dear old Col. Hooker of the Rock Island, or the genial comradeship of Jake Hardin of the Burlington? It seemed almost a necessity for us to divide our shipments that neither of these good fellows should be disappointed.

Prominent at these meetings were the "Texas men" who had already started their drives and "had a few more than they had contracted to dispose of," and the men from Oregon who "would sell a bunch of two-year-olds that are the finest on the range."

Then there were present the foremen of the various ranches, who were there to see that the roundups in their

districts should be arranged to their satisfaction. And the interested visitors, "tenderfeet" perhaps, who contemplated buying into the business; and other strangers who came from curiosity to see how this great industry of cattle raising was controlled.

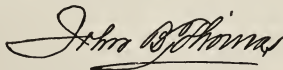
All these made a large gathering that taxed the capacity of the Court House to the limit. Three days were usually expended before all the business of the Association was transacted and the meeting adjourned, but the entire week and longer elapsed before the various elements had finished what they came for and departed; a busy week for everybody.

In these reminiscences one must not forget the Cheyenne Club which was so closely identified with the cattle interest, opening its hospitable doors to all comers and adding greatly to the cordial relations existing. Many a contract was closed in the evenings "after the meetings" and the spirit of good-fellowship was strengthened while discussing some knotty subject and a "cold bottle" seated around the cafe table. One of our young English friends expressed the idea when he said: "Cow punching, as seen from the veranda of the Cheyenne Club, was a most attractive proposition."

Gone are the glorious days of the "open range." The "Cattle Barons" and the "Cowpuncher" followed closely the Indian and the Buffalo, to prepare the way for the Granger and more civilized conditions. Many of the "Old Timers" have "gone across the Range" but in the hearts of all who yet live, there is a warm spot for those good old days and a thorough appreciation of the great work done for that new country by the Wyoming Stock Growers Association.

Give my kindest regards to all the friends.

Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John B. Thomas". The signature is written in dark ink and has a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

NEW YORK, March 15, 1915.

MR. HARRY E. CRAIN,
House of Representatives,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

MY DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 4th inst. has been received and read with pleasure and interest. I do not believe that I can give you anything but a brief statement relative to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, for although my recollection of the years I spent in Wyoming and especially of my experience in the Association, is of the most pleasant nature, it is now twenty-four years since I returned to the East.

I went out to Cheyenne as an executive officer of the North American Cattle Company, a company organized by Mr. Thomas Sturgis and his brother-in-law, Mr. C. G. Weir. As this company established its headquarters in the office occupied by the Union Cattle Company and the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, I soon became interested in the activities of the latter organization, first in a clerical capacity, and later as Mr. Thomas Sturgis' successor as Secretary of the Association.

When I settled in Cheyenne, I found the Wyoming Stock Growers Association a full-fledged, well-organized and very efficient organization. Mr. Thomas Sturgis was at that time, by common consent, and in spite of all contemporary criticism of some of his policies, the leading figure and guiding spirit of the Association, although he relied upon the counsel and active support of as fine a body of men as ever were banded together for good and a common cause.

Among these I remember Joseph M. Carey, N. R. Davis, A. T. Babbitt, H. E. Teschemacher, Horace Plunkett, Dennis Sheedy, Henry G. Hay, John Clay, F. E. Warren, W. C. Irvine, Bartlett Richards, John B. Thomas, A. H. Swan,

W. C. Lane, G. B. Goodell, T. B. Hord, E. B. Bronson, T. W. Peters, George W. Baxter, and many others.

The main function of the Association was the annual districting of the territory for roundup purposes. Representatives from all sections of the territory attended the annual meeting of the Association and before adjournment a complete round-up list was prepared, setting forth in great detail the district boundaries, the names of foremen, the place and time for the assembling of each roundup, etc.

Considering all the difficulties of the problems to be solved, this part of the Association work was always extraordinarily well done, evidencing unusual executive and practical ability on the part of the governors.

Another, and perhaps the most important of the features of the services rendered by the Association was the inspection of shipments at the Stock Yards in Omaha and Chicago by a staff of experienced men, experts in the matter of brands, who kept constantly on the lookout for mavericks and strays, sending their reports to the secretary's office in Cheyenne, which in the aggregate represented a substantial recoverable value to the members of the Association.

Second to none in importance and efficiency was the Detective Department, under the skillful management and direction of Mr. N. K. Boswell—a man, who, with rare courage and discretion, successfully performed a most difficult duty and supplied, in those days of freedom from restraint amounting almost to license, the only semblance of authority, law and order that was at all tangible. It can be safely said that without the soothing influence exerted upon the “rustler” of those days by the existence of the well-organized and energetic detective bureau of the Association, the life of the cattleman in Wyoming might have been less free from loss and anxiety.

In another direction the Association rendered invaluable service to its members and to the country generally, by the employment of a high-class veterinary, under whose constant watchfulness disease among cattle was surely detected and promptly dealt with.

I had the honor to serve as a member of the last Territorial and the first State Legislatures, and it was as a member of the latter body, that I first interested myself in the formulating of the law which converted the Association from an association of individuals to a state organization, or rather an organization recognized and regulated by the law of the state.

An organization like the Wyoming Stock Growers Association was naturally subject to, and probably deserved, some criticism, but in the main it may be truly said that it fulfilled its purpose admirably, and that although it may have had to adapt itself to changing conditions, it probably is today still serving a very useful purpose in the community.

With kindest regards to all the surviving members of the "Old Guard", I remain,

Yours cordially,

Thomas B. Adams—

GRAYROCKS, WYO., March 20, 1915.

HON. HARRY E. CRAIN,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

MY DEAR SIR:

In response to your esteemed favor of the 19th inst., asking me to give you some information of my early recollections of the cattle business of the country for the information of a committee of which you are a member, I respectfully submit the following statement:

In the summer of 1868, Mr. Benjamin B. Mills of Fort Laramie, went to Kansas, Iowa, and Missouri, and purchased 250 cows and one or two bulls, which he drove to Fort Laramie, arriving there during the month of October, '68. He turned them loose on the Laramie River about six miles west of the Fort, and had good success with them during the winter and spring. Early in the summer of 1869, the Sioux Indians raided his herd and drove off some thirty head or more, none of which were ever recovered, as no white man was allowed to cross the North Platte at the time for any purpose.

About the latter part of October, 1869, the Indians made another raid on the herd and drove off sixty odd head, consisting of cows and calves. On this raid, the Indians dangerously wounded the herder, Michell Miguel, a Mexican.

In March, 1870, the Indians again raided the herd and drove off some twenty-five or thirty head, which reduced the herd to about 120 of the original stock, but there had been a fairly good increase.

Soon after the last raid, March, 1870, Mr. Mills moved the herd from the Laramie River to Chugwater Creek, and located it four miles south of Bordeaux, at the junction of Richard Creek, where he established a camp with three herders living in tents.

During the month of June, 1870, the Indians raided this camp and drove the herders off and then killed four milk cows and their young calves, pillaged the camp and burned everything they could find about the camp.

In October, 1870, I established myself at what is now Bordeaux, and went into the general ranching business. Mr. Mills then moved the herd to the immediate vicinity of my ranch and his herders lived with me. Sometime during the summer of 1871 Mr. Mills died. Gibson Clark was appointed administrator of the Mills estate and sold all the property at public auction in October, '71. This herd was known as the "Ben" Mills herd, but was a partnership concern, being owned by B. B. Mills and William G. Bullock, and at the sale, as above mentioned, I purchased the Mills undivided half interest. I had full charge and continued to run the herd on the Chugwater until the fall of the year 1876, when I moved the bulk of it to La Prele and Box Elder Creeks; south and west of Fort Fetterman. In 1877 I moved all the herd to Box Elder.

After purchasing an interest in the herd, I rebranded all the cattle by starting the SO brand in November, 1871. I also started the LD brand at the same time. In September, 1880, I sold the herd to Williams and Smith, and commenced the ups and downs of life of a ranchman, with the LD brand at Bordeaux. About 1882 Williams and Smith sold the SO herd to Taylor, Coffey & Gill, and later J. M. Carey & Bro. bought the same herd from Taylor, Coffey & Gill.

In August, 1871, Jules E. Coffey and Adolph Cuny put a herd of about 600 head on the Sibylee (or *Sibyl*, I am not sure which) creek, locating at what is now known as the = (Two Bar) ranch. They erected good improvements and had varied success for two or three years and then sold out to Swan Bros..

About the same time, 1871, F. M. (Butcher) Phillips established his ranch at the mouth of Chugwater creek. He started with steers mostly bought from Iliff, but in 1873 had enlarged to several thousand, and in 1885 sold all his holdings to Whipple & Hay.

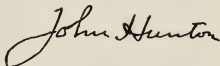
In the fall of the year 1872, Mr. Levy Powell was taking a mixed herd of about 2,200 head through to Montana or

Idaho, and as it was late in the season, decided to winter on the North Laramie River, and located at the mouth of Fish creek, about two and one-half miles west of Uva. While looking after his cattle in, I think, March, 1873, he was killed by Indians on Fish creek. Some of the cattle were run off by the Indians, and "Butcher" Phillips bought the remainder.

The foregoing are some of my off-hand recollections of the early cattle business. I may be mistaken, but I believe the "Ben" Mills herd was the first of its size to be established (1868) in this part of the country for the purpose of stock raising.

I could give more reminiscences of herds and men, but imagine that it would only amount to repetition of what you will get from others. I will add, however, that in September, 1874, Johnson & Walker put a herd of 3,000 Texas steers and cows on Horseshoe creek where the "Fetterman Cut-off" road crosses. This was the first herd located on that creek. They were attacked several times by Indians in '75 and '76 and lost one or two herders, but managed to save most of their cattle.

Yours very truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "John Hunter". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name "John Hunter".

DENVER, COLORADO, March 22, 1915.

MR. H. E. CRAIN,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

MY DEAR SIR:

In answer to your letter of March 19, 1915, I will say:

I left Independence, Missouri, on the eighth day of May, 1849, for California, up the North Platte, by way of old Fort Laramie — then in the Dakotas, now Wyoming — at that time an American Fur Company post. Stayed in California until 1852 in the mines; back by way of the Isthmus to Independence, Missouri, in 1853; drove six yoke of cattle to a freight wagon to Sante Fe, New Mexico, and back in the fall. The freight train consisted of about twenty-five wagons and about thirty men. In 1854 I drove ten mules over the same route to Sante Fe, New Mexico, loaded with merchandise for merchants in Sante Fe — about thirty ten-mule teams in the train — and back in the fall.

In 1855 I went with a mail party from Independence, Missouri, to Sante Fe, New Mexico, working for the mail contractors, Hockaday & Hall, in which business I remained until 1857. The mail went each way every month, taking about twenty-one days to make the trip, allowing the balance of the time for lay-over for the teams to rest. We had many difficulties with the Indians at different times. In September, 1856, Colonel Sumner had a fight with the Cheyenne Indians in the Smoky Hill country, and I met him at Little Arkansas as he was on his way to Fort Leavenworth and I was on my way with a mail party to Sante Fe, New Mexico. He was camped below the road some distance and sent an orderly up to tell me that he wanted to see me. I went down to his camp and he told me that he had had a fight with the Cheyenne Indians on the Smoky Hill and had killed some eleven of them and that I had better look out on my route crossing the

Arkansas. He thought that I might come in contact with these Indians and they would be on the war path. I asked him for an escort until I met the incoming mail to Independence, and he said his mules were poor and he could not furnish me with an escort. I told him that I would have to go ahead and do the best I could, I supposed, without an escort, which I did. After I crossed the Arkansas, in the sand hills some ten miles from the crossing, one evening I ran into a band of about one hundred Cheyenne warriors, all painted up and on the war path. They jerked me off the seat of the coach and wanted to know if I was "capitan" — meaning the man in charge. I told them yes. They said that they had had a fight with the Great White Father's soldiers, who had killed some of them. They took the wood off the top of my coach, built a little fire, got out their pipes and formed a ring around the fire with us mail boys inside of it. They told us that on account of the soldiers having killed some of their party, they wanted revenge, and proposed to take it out on us, but I out-talked them. They had a little Mexican boy along whom they had captured a few years before, who had learned to talk the Cheyenne language and I had a man who could talk Spanish. I interpreted through my man to their boy and the boy interpreted to the Indians what I wanted to say. I told them that there were plenty of them, they could kill us and to go ahead and kill us. We could not help ourselves as they outnumbered us and had overpowered us. But I said the Great White Father to whom the papers that I was carrying, will kill all of you if you kill us, so there won't be any of you left. They talked among themselves — one party of them was for letting us go and the others wanted to kill us, and after six hours' jangling amongst themselves, they decided to let us go. I told them that as they had taken all of our supplies and we had several hundred miles to go before we could get to Fort Union and get something to eat, I would have to turn back on the trail I had made that day and catch up with a freight train of Majors Russell and Waddell, that I had passed early that morning to get more supplies before I could continue my journey.

They finally agreed to let me go back and formed a line on both sides of the road as we turned around, and there was where I expected they would "feather" me as we went back. I went back to the train, got there about daylight that morning, and we fed our mules and laid down and took a sleep and when we got up the train had pulled out. We got something to eat, hitched up and overtook the train, and travelled with it up to the place where the Indians had attacked us. Then we went on and made our time in to Sante Fe with the mail, traveling night and day as we had lost several days.

Some six years after that, on Horseshoe, at Ben Holliday's old stage line station, I met one of those Indians who was with the party that attacked us up on the Arkansas in 1856, and he told me that after they let us go that night they made up their minds to kill us, and that they took after us but didn't overtake us.

In the fall of '58, I took a train of thirty-six eight-mule teams from Atchison, Kansas, loaded with supplies and merchandise for Livingstone & Kinkaid, to Salt Lake, Utah. Our mules were all wild and the weather was bad for September. The mules got so thin and poor that we had to winter at Fort Laramie. In the spring of '59 we continued our trip on to Salt Lake and unloaded our wagons at Salt Lake and Camp Floyd. Camp Floyd was a government post commanded by Johnson. We left the mules in Utah that summer, as Hoard & Smith, the owners of them, thought that they could sell them to the government. But they didn't sell them and the mules were taken back to Independence, Missouri, that fall. Meantime, I went back to Independence ahead of the mules and in the fall drove them to St. Louis and put them on the mule market there and they were sold.

In March, '60, I drove a four-mule team to Denver for two men by the names of Ki Harrison and Sid Barnes. The wagon was loaded with nails. Nails at that time were worth 25c a pound in Denver. The latter part of March, 1860, I went up into California Gulch in the vicinity of what is now Leadville. There were some 3,000 people in the gulch that summer when I was there, would be my guess. I mined there that summer, came back to Denver in the fall of 1860,

and wintered in Denver down on Blake and Sixteenth Streets, in a little old frame house where the American House now stands.

In the spring of '61 I went to Fort Laramie and got a hay contract from the Government to furnish 100 tons of hay at the post at \$29.00 a ton. Another man and I cut it with scythes. I put in that contract that summer and in the fall of '61 went to work for Ben Holliday on the Overland Stage line, and ran as messenger from Julesburg to South Pass several trips, and the superintendent of Slade's put me in charge of the transportation of the bull teams. I had charge of them, putting in wood and hay at the stations along the route. I would place five or six teams at a station and put a man in charge of them, and he would go ahead and put in hay and wood according to my directions, and I would travel up and down the line on the stage coaches and see that the work was carried out, etc.

In '62 they moved the stage line from the North Platte road across to Denver, and they then ran from Denver to La Porte, Cache La Poudre and up Cherokee Trail to Bitter Creek, there intercepting the old road. We established the Virginia Dale station as headquarters. I got out the logs to build that station with.

In '63 I quit the stage line and went back over to Fort Laramie and during the summer traded with the emigrants who were on their way to California and Oregon. I traded them well stock for lame stock, etc., and followed that up until 1864. In the fall of '63 E. W. Whitcomb and I were putting up a lot of hay in Chugwater and cutting it with scythes, to feed our horses on that winter, right where the old station stands now. It was pretty tough, hard work, and I got tired one day, threw my scythe into a bunch of willows and told Mr. Whitcomb that if I could not make a living without cutting hay with that damn scythe, I would starve and so I quit my job.

In 1865 I went across to Fort Hallack near Elk Mountain. In the fall of '65, E. W. Whitcomb and I came down to Cache La Poudre, Colorado, and wintered.

In 1866 I went back over to Fort Laramie. In the fall of '66 I went down to Nebraska City, Nebraska, and bought six five-yoke bull teams and wagons, loaded them with groceries and provisions, and came back up to Horse Creek, forty miles below Fort Laramie, and bought out a man by the name of Tod Reynolds who had a little store there. I put my goods in it and fixed to stay there that winter. That year Ed Creighton of Omaha was building the telegraph line across to Salt Lake from Omaha, and I got a contract for getting out telegraph poles for him. I sent my men up Horse Creek to Bear Mountain to get out the poles and hired two men with four-mule teams to haul them down to the store on the road. The Indians came along through the country up on the Laramie River and ran off a band of horses from different parties who were living on the Laramie at that time, and on their way across through Goshen Hole they ran across my two men loaded with telegraph poles. They killed and scalped the men, took their mules and went on. The next day after that there was a party of men from the Laramie river following their trail and they discovered where they had killed and scalped my men—it was winter time and the bodies were lying there frozen hard and stiff. They came down to my store and told me about it. I wanted to send word up to my men to pack up and move their teams and everything down to the store. I had a little Indian boy living with me, so I wrote a note, gave it to him and told him to go up to the camp and I instructed him not to go by those wagons, for I knew that if he saw those dead men there he would come back without going to my camp, so I told him to go around the wagons. But he had to go by the wagons and when he saw them he took the back trail and came back; so we got up a party and went up the next day to my camp and got my cattle and wagons and men together, and came back by the two wagons where the men were killed, loaded them on, brought them down to the store and buried them the next day. The Indians got so bad through the country that I had to move up nearer to the fort for protection, so I packed up, loaded everything on and left the store building standing by itself. It wasn't a great while until the Indians burned that down.

In '67 I bought some more teams from a man by the name of Kerr and took a wood and hay contract at Fort Laramie. That fall I sold my teams to Jim Porter and he loaded them with grain and stuff for the government at Fort Laramie, Fort Reno and Fort Phil Kearney.

In the spring of '68 I bought some teams, took a contract for helping move the government posts Fort Reno and Fort Phil Kearney down to Fort Steele in Wyoming. During that time, just after I got back off that trip in the fall, I was living on Horse Creek twenty-five miles north of Cheyenne. The Indians came along and run off twenty-four or twenty-five horses — all I had except one.

In 1869, a man named John Richards and I took a wood and hay contract for Fort Fetterman. We went up in the spring and started in to work on our contract. He was to put in the hay and I was to put in the wood. He had mule teams and I had ox teams. During the summer he got drunk, and riding along in front of the sutler's store at Fort Fetterman, he shot and killed a soldier who was sitting alongside of the store and then went with the Indians who were on the war path. I was at that time camping on Deer Creek above the fort some thirty miles. We were then working on the hay. The Indians came along one day and got after my men who were running the mowers and they all got into the brush and willows and beaver dams and lay there two days and came into camp at night as wet as rats. I could not get them to cut any more hay, so I went to Omaha to the chief quartermaster and tried to get the contract annulled, but they needed the hay and he would not stand for it. The men would not do any more work while I was away. I came back down to the Chugwater along about December. I had to hitch up my train and come over to Cache La Poudre in Colorado, and bought the hay and had it baled and hauled it up to Fort Fetterman about two hundred miles, all at \$20.00 per ton. I lost about \$5,000 on the one hundred tons of hay. I had William M. Brown in charge of the train.

In July, 1870, I sold all my work cattle to a man by the name of Pritchard. We loaded them right where the Cheyenne depot now stands into the cars in one of those little short

chutes that they loaded and unloaded horses in. They were the first cattle loaded and shipped out of Wyoming and went to Paris for beef, as it was the time of the Franco-German war. I got \$70 per head for them and Pritchard got about \$150 per head.

In the fall of 1870 came my first experience in the range cattle business. That fall I bought 200 head of two-year-old heifers on the Chugwater. The country was all open then and I had good success with the cattle. I think I had about ten Durham bulls with this bunch of cattle. The only range stuff in the country at that time was that of Bullock & Mills, Later Bullock & Hunton had a small bunch of cows below the mouth of Richard, known as SO ranch.

In the winter of 1871 and 1872 I got a government beef contract at Fort Fetterman. I bought my beef cattle to fill that contract from Ab Loomis, who lived on the Cache la Poudre in Colorado. They were mostly dry cows.

I stayed on the ranch then at Chugwater with this herd of cattle until 1884 when I sold out to a Scotch company.

In February, 1873, (?) the association was formed known as the Laramie County Stockmen's Association. Mr. W. L. Kuykendall was secretary. The association was composed of the few stockmen in the country who had a number of herds in Western Nebraska, northern Colorado and at that time, southeastern Wyoming. The purpose of this association was to further the interests of the range cattle business, the principal work of which was to get a record of the brands and to formulate a system of roundups. M. V. Boughton was the first president of the association. We used to hold meetings in Judge Kuykendall's court room in the old probate court, and had some very warm times in discussing the best way to handle this new business, but we had an exceptionally good class of men in with us, which made the results of the association very productive. A little later the cattle industry began to grow. Large interests came from eastern money centers, such as Boston, and this business developed into the largest industry in the West. In about 1879 this little association was merged into what was known as the Wyoming Stock-

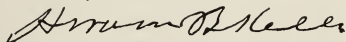
growers Association, of which A. H. Swan was the first president and Tom Sturgis, secretary.

This association protected the stockgrowers when they made their shipments to Chicago, which, at that time, was the only market, by having inspectors at the points to which they were shipped, to inspect the brands. When sold, the proceeds of any man's brand — it did not make any difference who had shipped the cattle — were held out and sent to the owner. The mavericks on ranges were generally conceded to belong to the man who owned the stock on that range, or what they considered his range. Later on, the mavericks were sold and the proceeds turned into the association. These systems were adopted at the annual meetings, which were held in Cheyenne the first week in April of each year, at which time there was a gathering of all cattle kings, ranchmen and ranch foremen of the different outfits, who were always there to see that the roundup districts were divided so that they could be handled without too much confusion and for the benefit of all concerned.

After selling out, I handled some stock down on Bear Creek at the Y Cross ranch. I did not consider I was in the stock business after I sold out on Chugwater in 1884.

The association is still in existence and has proven to be a great success in the western country, Wyoming especially.

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "A. H. Swan".

DENVER, COLORADO, March 24, 1915.

MR. HARRY E. CRAIN,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

MY DEAR SIR:

I have your favor of the 22nd inst., in reference to conversation I had with you on the morning of the 21st regarding the Wyoming Stockgrowers Association, whose headquarters were at Cheyenne.

I was one of the executive members of the association for six years. The service the association was to render was to agree on roundups at different parts of the country where it was most desirable, and for inspector's service and such other work as was necessary for the protection and welfare of the stock interests of Wyoming and the western country in general.

I well remember Mr. Thomas Sturgis, Mr. Lane, Mr. Goodell, Alex Swan and Will Swan, also Judge Carey, F. E. Warren and many others who were members of the association at that time. I also remember very well Mr. Teschemacher, Mr. de Billier, Mr. Van Tassell, Mr. John Kuykendall and Mr. Hi Kelly as being some of the men I was well acquainted with in those days, as well as Bosler Brothers, who were my neighbors on the North Platte, and Pratt & Ferris who were also located on the North Platte.

The meeting of the association was quite an event each year and there was a renewal of acquaintance and trading in stock. Many Texas stockmen attended the meetings and while there made sales of southern cattle to the northern ranchmen. The association had among its members men from all parts of the world.

Mr. F. E. Warren has since been, and is now, United States Senator, and the representation on the board or the executive committee of the Wyoming Stockgrowers Associa-

tion was a class of men of very high order, capable of engaging in almost any kind of business they might have chosen, but they preferred the western, outdoor life and sunshine that went with the stock business, as well as the profit that was supposed to be made out of cattle at that time. This was one of the incentives, but there were others equally as great.

I remember Colonel Hooker, who was stock agent for the Rock Island Railroad at that time, and there are many of the Texas stockgrowers whom I remember very well, among them being Major Seth Maybry, Captain Millett, and John Lytle. These men drove their cattle from Texas to the northern market.

The business was very attractive in many ways excepting the risk and hazard of hard winters and Indian raids, which did occur in the early days. The winters were very severe on the herds of cattle and in 1884 the range losses were considerable, but with free grass and water, good shelter and no taxes, it took but a few years to work out of our losses and still have a profit in the business.

The Calf-branding season was very interesting, and it took considerable riding to roundup the cows and calves. When the large herds were brought from the south, they were all re-branded with the brand that belonged to the ranch. This was quite an event as it took many days to brand the large herds that were bought in those days and turned on the range.

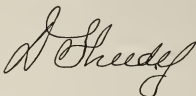
The season for shipping beef cattle was also very exciting. Cutting out the beeves from the herds and driving them to the railroad for shipment required considerable time. From two to three months were consumed in the shipping of beeves to Chicago, to which market most of the cattle went at that time, although some were sold in Omaha.

There was no conservation of the public domain at that time and beef sold at less than one-half what it is selling for now and the consumers thereof were given cheaper beef than they have been given since the conservation law has been in force. Settlers that have come into the country have taken up some of the range, it is true, but there are thousands of acres of good grass that go to waste every year, and were it

not for this conservation law, I feel that beef would be very much cheaper than it is now, as free grass has always made cheap beef and would continue to do so were the laws the same now as they were when I was in the business.

Trusting that these reminiscences of the business in which I was engaged many years ago, will be satisfactory to you and serve your purpose, I am

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "A. Sheedy". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned to the right of the typed name "A. Sheedy".

CHADRON, NEBRASKA, March 31, 1915.

MR. HARRY E. CRAIN,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

DEAR SIR:

Your letter of the 20th inst. at hand. You ask me to write you something about the early days of Wyoming and the ups and downs of which I have been guilty. It would, however, take lots of thought and paper to tell all of it.

I remember the first stock association that was ever organized in Wyoming. It was in 1874, I think, might have been later. However, it was held in a livery stable. M. V. Boughton was president and Judge Kuykendall was secretary. We had no roundup districts at our first meetings.

I consider myself about one of the oldest timers in the cattle business. My start as a cattleman was very humble, being a hired man, but a boss of other hired men. In 1871, when I was yet quite a young man, I hired out to D. H. & J. W. Snyder to drive a herd of cattle from Texas to Wyoming Territory. They were driving ten herds with about 1,500 head to the herd. In those days driving through was a hardship, as we had to break the trail, fight Indians and scare buffaloes out of the way to keep them from stampeding our cattle. There were thousands of them after striking Kansas and Nebraska.

We had lots of fun with the early settlers while going along. They would catch us grazing or watering our cattle on their lands and would demand pay nearly every time. As I was a little stubborn, I got out of paying many times, but when I was met by fifteen or twenty men with shot guns, I would come through. Having but little money, I often settled with lame cattle — and didn't steal them back either.

Well, we got through to Cheyenne along in August, after three months on the trail. As no one there wanted to try

raising cattle on the plains, the herd, excepting about 1,200 steers, fours and up, went on to Idaho. Those steers were picked from all the herds to get the number and John and Tom Durbin were the buyers. As we had to sell by weight, it was up to us how to do it. We cut out about 300 head, took them to town and weighed them and finally averaged the whole at 1,200 pounds. They were good ones and fat, perhaps more so on account of having had the best and freshest grass in the world — and we were not used to handling cattle and did not run them to death.

Well, the rest of those cattle went on to Rosses Crossing on Snake River, Idaho, and struck some nice snow storms. To a Texas cowpuncher who had never seen snow, it looked like "the other place" on the plains.

That winter I went back to Texas and in 1872 the same parties drove only three herds, one of which I had. We got thru to Cheyenne all right and sold one herd to J. H. Durbin, one herd to Judge J. M. Carey and one to F. M. Phillips, who lived close to old Fort Laramie on the Laramie River. I had to deliver and turn over the cattle to him and I had a time with the tally, as the Snyders wanted him to take the Texas tally and he would not. So I tallied out and they did not tally with the Texas tally — less yearlings, more two-year-olds, and so on, making quite a difference when he had to pay for them. As they were fairly classed I could do nothing but hold him to his trade. By the time I got the herd off my hands, the Snyders had bought about 10,000 cattle from the Dalton Bros. of Texas, and had to receive them at Ogallala, so I had to go there and help tally them out.

When we sold to Durbin Bros. I had to deliver the cattle on Horse Creek. Durbin went through ahead with a wagon and planted pine trees for us to drive by. He asked me to trail the cattle as long as possible so as to make a trail to travel by. We did, and that old road is there today.

One little incident I have never forgotten. When I was cutting ages, John Durbin wanted to know what I went by in telling a yearling from a two-year-old. I described the difference in their horns, so he said: "You go by the horns?"

which I admitted. We were getting along fine until a big two-year-old came out and I called to him: "One two-year-old." Durbin says: "Hold, on, he has no horns and I call him a yearling." I had to let him go as such for I had lost my key.

I went back to Texas when the geese began to move. By that time I thought that I had better be getting into the cattle business for myself. I hunted up a partner who had about as much money as I did, was a cow man and had been on the Chisum trail. A. H. Webb was his name. We bought a herd of cattle, about 1,500 head, paid for part of them and gave notes for the balance. We made for Cheyenne in the summer of 1873. It being a panic year, we could not sell for as much profit as I wanted, so I held the cattle and wrote back to find out if they would hold our paper for another year. I was favorably answered — that they would if we would pay them 2% per month or 24% per year. That almost tickled us to death as we were paying 3% per month for what we were getting at Cheyenne banks.

So I located a ranch on Box Elder Creek, sixty-five miles north of Cheyenne. There had never been a cow track in the country, so the grass was fine and cattle got fat. I got a contract to furnish about sixty cows a month and drive them to the post at Ft. Laramie. I had a hard time but was paying up our notes. I did not know until then that I was so tough. I was from Texas but could wallow in snow at thirty below. By the next fall with what beef we had we paid off all our debts.

I remember that I sold steers to bullwhackers for work steers. As cattle men were afraid to scatter their brands in this way, I could get \$25.00 more per head for them than they were worth. The road ran within about five miles of my ranch. I would go down when these bullwhackers came through, get the boss and ride among my cattle and he would pick out the ones he wanted. Then the trouble would begin. They wanted each wild steer necked to one of their tame steers. I would get a necking on a tame steer and rope a wild one and get my rope through the necking on the tame one and take a

turn with my horse and pull them together — then they would tie the two steers together.

On that ranch the Indians kept us stirred up for five or six years. We carried guns on our saddles all the time and never thought of going to the spring after water without a gun in one hand and a bucket in the other, and took guns along with us when we went to milk the cows. When I built the ranch house I made the windows so high that no one could shoot us in the night.

I stayed there until times got too tame for me, then sold out to Sturges & Lane in 1879 and bought a herd of cattle and moved north to where I now have a Hereford ranch in Hat Creek Valley, fifteen miles from Harrison, Neb. That was a fresh range and of course there were lots of hardships. We had to get all our supplies from Cheyenne, 175 miles away, and freight everything by wagons. As we had to bring heavy loads, sometimes it would take a month to make the trip.

Well, I have my ranch there yet, but I had to get deeds to the lands I occupy, as Uncle Sam and I could not agree. We came very near running together once. I thought I was the fellow who discovered that country but he sent a bunch out from Washington in 1883 and surveyed me out of house and home and told me what I could do. I wanted to treat with them but they would give me no red wagons so I had to take my medicine.

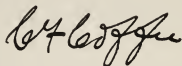
I lived quietly there until 1885. Then the Northwestern Railroad came poking in and brought the festive grainger. Then trouble did begin. It was not like the Indians for one couldn't shoot and the only way I could do to get even was to go into the banking business, so I am there. I also bought out a ranch on Raw Hide creek in 1886 and am running cattle there now. I got so old that I have to have a partner, so the firm name of that ranch is Coffee & Tinnin.

The Snyder Bros. for whom I drove are half-uncles to Mrs. J. B. Kendrick, the wife of the governor of Wyoming.

I live in Chadron, Neb., but my heart is very soft for Wyoming. I lived in Cheyenne for quite a few years and all

my children were born there. Take it back from 1871 up to 1881, Cheyenne and Wyoming were a little wild and great changes have taken place. I am glad that I am alive.

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "C. F. Coggeshall". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background.

CHEYENNE, WYO., April 3, 1915.

MR. H. E. CRAIN,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

DEAR SIR:

I arrived in Cheyenne, Wyoming, on September 6, 1876. There was a sand storm, which to me, was a wild comparison to my home I left in "Old Virginia", where everything was beautiful with growing crops, flowers and vegetation of all kinds. There were about twelve trees in Cheyenne. The sidewalks were two boards about twenty inches apart. There was only one school house — the Central — with its newly-added west wing.

My brother, Charles E. Clay, had previously come west when Wyoming was Dakota. He worked for Mr. William Bullock at Fort Laramie, who was a friend of my father's back in Virginia.

I lived on a ranch near old Chimney Rock. The Indians would sometimes raid down on the ranchers and drive off their stock and horses. While I lived on Chugwater, I met Wm. Booker, John and Tom Hunton, Hi Kelly, E. W. Whitcomb, Tom Maxwell, A. Loomis, McFarlands, McUlván, Searight, Ashenfelter, Kerr, S. Doty, Z. Thompson, Colin Hunter, Phillips, A. H. Reel, Tom Kent and many others. We were all neighbors and enjoyed all the free western hospitality and amusements which were dances, and often went sixty miles to attend, starting early in the morning, arriving at our destination at sun-down, where a warm supper was awaiting us. Then dancing would begin and continue until sun-up. At midnight we had supper, then as soon as it became day-light, breakfast was served. Then we would start for home, weary and sleepy after being gone two days and one night.

The doors of the houses were always open; the latch-string always being on the outside and any traveller could go in and prepare himself a meal which was freely given.

I married and settled up in the foot hills. We had a few horses and cattle. My husband died in 1891. Everything had to be sold. Mares he gave Whipple & Hay \$200.00 each for — I got \$22.00. Cows which he bought back in Iowa for \$50.00, I got \$13.00 for, and calves thrown in.

About that time Tom Horn came to Wyoming as a detective, employed by the stockmen to stop so much rustling. In Mr. Horn I found a man of refinement and education. I nursed him after he came back from Cuba with the Cuban fever. Dr. Barber got me the job, for which I was well paid. I lived about a mile from where the Nickel boy was killed. I never thought he, Horn, was the guilty one. I have often regretted that Mr. Horn did not come to Wyoming several years sooner and break up the gang of Langhoff Brothers, from whom I suffered heavy losses.

I have often seen Buffalo Bill and other noted men of the day. I have seen Cheyenne grow from a village with about twelve trees in it, to a modern city. The C. & N. railroad has been built, as well as the Burlington, and the old stage coach — with the bull teams and mule teams — have become a thing of the past. The City Park was where the freighters corralled their wagons.

The first garden I ever saw in Wyoming was at Hi Kelly's on the Chug, in 1877.

I would often go out riding with the cowboys, who would have their Winchesters and revolvers and bowie knives with them, with a belt filled with cartridges, which was very fascinating to me as well as unique.

The climate has changed very much. The winters are not so severe and we have more rain. The Wyoming stockmen have brought order out of chaos — made Wyoming bloom and bloom as the rose, and the day is not far distant when she will take her place as one of the richest and best, as well as the most beautiful states in the Union. The scenery cannot be surpassed, and as I look back over the thirty-nine years of my life in Wyoming, I say of those early pioneers, "well done

thou good and faithful servants." The hardships and risks they ran were borne with patience and cheerfulness.

Yours truly,

Hammie E. Steele

DIAMOND, WYOMING, April 10, 1915.

MR. HARRY CRAIN,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

DEAR SIR:

In reply to your request that I should furnish you with a written statement showing cause why I should be classed as an "old time cow man," and a member of this noble organization, not knowing just what you want, will have to go back to Texas, my native state, and relate some of the ups and downs I have had in the cattle business.

In 1861, when my uncle, Jack Elliott, started to the War of the Rebellion or to Mexico he gave me an old cow and a little calf, and my father gave me a pony and a bridle, and a sheepskin for a saddle. My cowboy uniform consisted of a straw hat and a long hickory shirt, so at five years of age I was a cattle owner fully equipped for the business, but that winter the old cow died or went to war. As I thought in those days everything went to the war but women, children and negroes, and as my little calf was not a heifer, and owing to my age, my herd did not increase during the war, but when the cruel war was over and my father came home, I owned a work steer. My father knowing my fondness for little calves, gave me a little calf for my steer, and he continued to give me a little calf every spring for my yearling until I was about sixteen. Then I went out of the cattle business by giving the little calf to my sister. In 1866, my father added to my uniform a saddle, overalls, a wool hat, a pair of shoes and started me out reping. Repeating in 1866 in Texas was quite different from reping in Wyoming in 1915. We didn't call it roundup in those days. We called it cow-hunts and every man on this cow-hunt was a cattle owner just home from the war and went out to see what they had left and to brand up what I had neglected to brand during the war. I

was the only boy on this cow-hunt and as my little calf was at home with its mother, I was looking for cattle that belonged to my father before the war. We had no wagon. Every man carried his grub in a wallet on behind his saddle and his bed under the saddle. I. P. Olive was boss and I will state here that he was some boss. I was put on herd and kept on herd when we had one and I don't think there was ever a day on this hunt when we didn't have a herd, and I carried a lot of extra wallets on behind my saddle and a string of tin cups on a hobble around my pony's neck. A wallet is a sack with both ends sewed up with the mouth of the sack in the middle. I just mention this for fear some of the cow men don't know what a wallet is. Whenever the boss herder couldn't hear those cups jingling, he would come around and wake me up. We would corral the cattle every night at some one of the owners' homes and stand guard around the corral. I didn't stand any guard but I carried brush and corn-stalks and anything I could get to make a light for those who were not on guard to play poker by. They played for unbranded cattle, yearlings at fifty cents a head and the top price for any class was \$5.00 a head, so if anyone run out of cattle and had a little money, he could get back into the game. For \$10.00, say, he could get a stack of yearlings. My compensation for light was twenty-five cents per night or as long as the game lasted. Every few days they would divide up and brand and each man take his cattle home, as we now call it — throw-back.

This cow-hunt continued nearly all summer, so in the winter of '66 I started to school. I went to school two or three days nearly every month when there was any school. When I wasn't going to school I was picking cotton or cow-hunting until '69. Father sold his cattle to J. F. E. and F. N. Stiles, and threw me in with the cattle, with the understanding that he would receive \$12.00 per month for my services, so you see I began to slip back, owner to rep, rep to common waddie. I worked for Stiles as waddie, top-hand and boss until the spring of 1876, when Stiles sold their cattle and me with them to D. H. and J. W. Snyder. Snyder built some corrals and a branding chute on Turkey Creek on Stiles' range and put their brother, Tom Snyder in charge of said

corral and that was our headquarters. We had no tents, tarpaulins, cabins or anything of that kind. We had a wagon with a cover over it and a little grub in the bottom of the wagon box, which we kept dry. By the way, I had no bed, but used J. W. Snyder's and when he visited us, he had the pleasure of his own bed with me in it. It was the best bed on the job, consisting of a buffalo robe, one saggan, one blanket and a feather pillow. Snyder hired a big crew of men and started me out with a two-horse wagon, a bunch of saddle horses and some cow boys just from Tennessee and a few Germans from Round Rock to gather these cattle and turn them over to Tom Snyder to hold and road brand, so I started out as boss of the first wagon I ever saw on a cow hunt. I had no check book, one reason, I couldn't write a check, and another, there wasn't a man in Texas could read a check, so checks were not in use. Our first stop out from headquarters was for noon. My Kaiser cook came to me, said he had no pan to mix his bread in, so I told him to mix it in the water bucket or top of the flour sack. After dinner I went to feed the work team in the feed box attached to the hind end of the wagon box. I discovered he had mixed the bread in it. After using language to him that would not look well in this report, I put him on a horse and sent him back to headquarters, told him to tell Mr. Snyder to send me another cook and a breadpan, so I put one of the cowboys at driving the team and pulled out for the next camp. The new cook and pan arrived O. K. in time for supper.

I want to speak of our grub as it was my first starting in at high-living. We had flour, coffee, sugar, beans, bacon and some dried apples in a barrel that some northern Yankee had shipped in to Texas to kill off what few Confederates were left in Texas. The cook started in to prepare some of those apples for dinner. He filled a skillet full of them, put in some water and put the lid on, and the first thing he knew, the apples had thrown the lid off and were all over the fire, in fact, they were all over the camp. I don't think any barrel would have held what was once in that skillet, so I ordered them thrown out and prohibited the boys from eating any of them until they got back and found out from Mr. Snyder what

they were, but the barrel was handy for the boys to throw their extra saddle blankets in. When we got back and found out they were not poison, we ate nothing but dried apples and drank water as long as the apples lasted, but never had any more cooked.

On this cow-hunt, I saw for the first time a cow boy put sugar in his coffee. We soon got the herd put up. Snyder had all the cows and calves cut out, and turned on the range, and I was put at Olive's ranch to work with them and look after Snyder's cattle. Tom Snyder drove the herd on north, and J. W. Snyder went to buying beef steers of Olive, Sauls, Littin & Tinnin. He would receive the cattle at Olive's ranch, put me in charge of them to drive them to Rockdale, the nearest railroad point, to ship them north, and, as I have said, checks were not in use; the parties selling the cattle would go along and help drive them and get their cash, generally in silver, put it in a sack and take it home. As I boarded with Olive, and as I mentioned the high-living with Snyder, I will mention Olive. They furnished coffee, corn meal, salt, whiskey and beef, provided you didn't kill one of theirs. We would sometimes get out of coffee or meal or salt but never out of whiskey or beef. Some unknown parties, not in favor of Olive's way of doing business, on the night of August 2, '76, slipped up and set the ranch on fire and the shooting began. When the smoke cleared away I was running across the prairie with my life and night clothes and a Winchester handed me by a dying Olive. I don't know whether it was loaded or not, but I was afraid to drop it for fear the attacking party would hear it fall. The first time I saw Mr. Snyder after that, I resigned, and picked cotton the balance of '76. January 1, '77, I rented land and put in a crop. When I got the net proceeds of that crop in my pocket, I started to the Bryant Agricultural Military College to finish my education. The habits I had contracted while a cowboy and persisted in following, did not meet with the approval of the college officials and I finished in fourteen days, so I went back to my old employer, J. W. Snyder, at Round Rock, and hired out to him as common waddie, to go down on the coast and help drive a herd of cattle to old Cheyenne. Tim Hamil-

ton was the boss to Julesburg, Colorado, where Snyder turned over several herds to the Ilif outfit and I came on to Hillsdale below Cheyenne, with Bob McMurday as boss. Here Snyder delivered cattle to Alex Swan, John Sparks and others, and Mr. Snyder took us all to Cheyenne and paid us all off in Ben Hellman's store, so I presented myself to a new ducking, blanket-lines suit of clothes and sallied forth to see the sights of Cheyenne. McDaniel's Theatre was running full-blast, so there I went; so the next morning I soaked my forty-five Colts so as to have a little jingle in my pocket and began looking for a job. I got a job with Tom Branson's outfit, Dave Knight as foreman. John Sparks was interested in the outfit — that is, we had a lot of 4J cattle. We branded the cattle at Ex-Governor Carey's ranch on Little Horse Creek, and then drove them to where Douglas now stands. We camped over night at what now is the State Fair Grounds. The next morning we turned about half the herd across the river. We turned the balance loose on the north side, and the wagon went back to Cheyenne for more cattle. The boss was down with the rheumatism, so he and the cook, Frank Merrill, Bill Ward, Bumpus, one of the partners, and I, were left here to build a ranch. Merrill and Ward cut the logs and hewed them on LaBonte and I hauled them with two yoke of steers. We had just about completed the house, when we got word Branson had bought the Red Bluff ranch, at the mouth of Elkhorn, so we moved down there. He had bought the ranch alright — and trouble with it.

The man he bought the ranch of went to work for him. It seemed the place belonged to W. C. Irvine, who owned the ranch then that Jim Shaw now owns, and was our closest neighbor. Alas! it wasn't long before we got acquainted with Mr. Irvine, for one day as Daily, the man who sold the ranch, the boss, cook and myself, were quietly eating our dinner in Mr. Irvine's cabin, Mr. Irvine poked a Sharps rifle in the door and demanded possession. Mr. Irvine and Daley began to have some warm words and as there was no window in the cabin and that gun was too large for me to pass it in the door, I asked Mr. Irvine to please raise it that I might get out under it. This was my first meeting with our honorable

Treasurer, and for many years President of this Association. So he had our stove thrown out and his put in, and when he left and we were sure that he was in Cheyenne, we threw his out and put ours back, finished our house and put in the winter there. But Irvine finally got the ranch. In the spring our wagon started out. I think they worked from Fort Laramie up the north side of the river to Fort Fetterman. We had a small two-horse wagon, two little mules hitched to it; no tents, stove or mess-box, nor any convenience we have these days. Branson and I went with the O U wagon, Joe Hazen, foreman. The roundup started April 1, '79, at Fort Fetterman and worked up the north side of the river to the mouth of Poison Creek. We would swim our cattle across the river every day as we would work the south side later. The wagons never left the river. We drove all the tributaries to the camp on the river and rounded them up. We drove the cattle sometimes thirty or thirty-five miles. When we had worked all the country north of the river that we deemed necessary, we came to Fetterman and crossed the river on the old government ferry boat, then worked up the south side to old Fort Casper. There the first roundup I was ever on in Wyoming broke up. That summer I formed a partnership with Sam McGatlin, a nephew of John Sparks, and we were very successful that summer in poker playing, monte dealing, and horse racing, and we bought twenty-two head of old cows of Branson and he said we could work and run our cattle with him. My partner and I concluded I had better go back to Texas and buy some yearlings, put them in with some herds coming up and come up with them and he would work on for Branson. As he was not known in Texas by that name, I consented to go, so I went to Chicago with a train of cattle. After spending a couple of weeks in Chicago and visiting all the prominent cities of Texas I had never seen, about the time the grass started I wrote my partner that I didn't believe that I would buy any yearlings, but if he wanted any and would send me his money, I would invest it in yearlings and come up with them. He wrote back that he had been in Cheyenne a month, and didn't think he wanted any yearlings; that he had sold our cows for a big profit to a half-breed Indian on credit;

that the Indian had resold them for cash and had gone to parts unknown and that he was leaving that day for Idaho. I haven't seen him or the Indian since, but I came up the trail alright in the spring of 1880, with Morris & McCutcheon cattle. Jess McCutcheon was boss. The boss quit at Ogalalla and the herd was turned over to me to hold until sold, which was not long. I then went to work for the O-O outfit, Hanner and McKaulley as owners, Joe Stratton as foreman. We drove the herd to Antelope Springs and turned them loose. In '81 I was rep on Powder River. In '82 I run second wagon on spring roundup on Powder River. That summer I drove beef to the railroad to ship to market, one bunch to Pine Bluffs, two bunches to Thatcher, Nebraska, which was then the terminus of the Northwestern railway, 3,500 head all told. That winter I went to Texas. January 4, '83, I was married in Texas, and in the spring after I came back, I was put in as foreman of the O-O outfit, at \$125.00 per month and a check book.

I could handle the men and the cattle alright, but the check book was considerable trouble. It gave me some notoriety, as I received a great many letters from bankers whose letters were all notifications of overdraft. In '84, I was made foreman of the roundup from the mouth of Black Thunder to Fetterman. This roundup was known as the Lance Creek roundup. A. Spaugh was foreman from beginning somewhere east of Lance Creek. I don't remember where it started. My wages were raised to \$150.00 per month, and I received ten per cent. of all the maverick money. This was the first year the mavericks were ever sold, and the proceeds went to the Association. The foreman was required to give a bond and sell all mavericks every ten days and send the proceeds, with the ten per cent., to Tom Sturgis, who was the Secretary of the Association. Our old friend, Luke Vorhees, Charle Campbell, my manager, were my bondsmen. My first sale was to Metcalf and Williams. Mr. Campbell instructed me to buy them in for him if I could get them for him at \$15.00 per head. As I could pay only \$15.00, and John T. Williams gave more, I sold them to him. I put M on the neck — the Association brand, and Williams put his

brand on them. When I sent in my report, Mr. Sturgis wrote back by return mail, saying it was not the intention of the law to sell those yearlings to little thieves like Metcalf and Williams, but Mr. Campbell said I was inside the law and to go ahead and sell them to the highest bidder, so I sold the next bunch to W. P. Ricketts, who wasn't any better in my estimation, than J. T. Williams. I continued to run this outfit until the bad winter of '86 put them out of business. So in the spring of '87 I started in to run the O-K and G-M outfit. It had taken me about seven months to find out that they had no cattle, and I told them so.

I began to realize that the cattle were getting scarce, and so were jobs, so I bought a few cattle in '87. In the spring of '88, for the first time in my life, I found myself without a job, so I ran the general roundup from Lance Creek west. In '89 and '90 I worked for the Ogalalla outfit, run a wagon when there was any cow work to do. W. C. Irvine was manager. In '91 I established my first cow ranch on the head of the Belle Fourche.

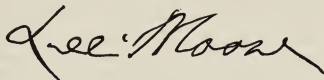
The laws of Wyoming required a man to brand his calves before they were a year old and as a great many of the cowmen violated that law by not branding their calves before they were a year old, I adopted some of those neglected yearlings and put my brand on them so the cowboys would know whose they were, and also to increase my herd. I followed that industry until '99, when I discovered that the legal talent, so necessary for my business, was so expensive that my profit was not sufficient to carry on the business and eat regularly, so I sold out and left Weston County with some regrets, a lot of good friends and no bad debts, and came to Converse County and bought Royston's Ranch on Lightning Creek, with a few horses and cattle. I didn't have stock enough to make ranching pay, so in 1902 I went into the First National Bank of Douglas, with my breath stronger than my intellect, and after knocking over a couple of clerks and getting by the cashier, I found Mr. J. DeForest Richards, President, of the Bank, in his private office, and after making my cross and a lot of promises, I borrowed some money to buy cattle with. I bought some two-year-old southern steers. I run them for

two years and shipped them to Omaha and when I had them all shipped out, I found that I had lost the interest and my labor, but consoled myself that I was a cowman and could borrow money, and that I had had the use of those steers for two years, and that I would never buy any more until I could fatten them.

So here I am, in 1915 still borrowing money and buying cattle, and if I ever die, which I think is very doubtful, I will still have that little calf to hand down to my grandson, little Lee Moore.

Now, Mr. Crain, I don't know whether this is the kind of data you want or not, but it is about the only kind I can furnish, and if you don't want to have it read, throw it in the waster basket and I will not be offended.

Yours very truly.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Lee Moore". The signature is written in dark ink on a light-colored background. The first name "Lee" is written with a large, sweeping capital 'L', and the last name "Moore" follows in a similar cursive style.

NEW YORK, N. Y., 11th April, 1915.

MR. HARRY E. CRAIN,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

DEAR HARRY:

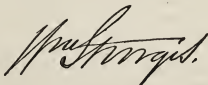
With the best of inclination to carry out what you ask in regard to the Wyoming Stock Growers Association, I have been unable to manage it. Your letter found me laid up with la grippe and the time you gave me required that I reply by return mail or thereabout. So I had to give it up, although I would gladly have contributed a chapter to the history of the old Association, which was for many years not only dear to my heart but quite as near to my hand as was my own business. I was Assistant Secretary, my brother being secretary, and together, we came pretty near to running the Association, in so far as policy and details were concerned. I was for a number of years the editor of the Wyoming brand book and at that time I should have been hard to fool over any Wyoming brand.

When the stockmen of Wyoming so generously remembered my brother Thomas in the presentation of that testimonial of their affectionate interest in them, he commenced his address of thanks by referring to Queen Mary's grief over the loss of Calais in her reign, when she said that when she died they would find "Calais" written on her heart, and saying that in his case the Wyoming Stock Growers Association would be found on his, and my feeling for the old Association was much the same as his. We were with it from its inception until he left Wyoming in 1887, and saw it grow from the original twelve—I think I am right in the number—until it became so powerful that "Doc Middleton" said "if the Wyoming Stock Growers Association would let up on him, he did not care for all the sheriffs in Nebraska." We did not "let up on him" and by the aid of Billy Lykins, as brave a man as I ever met, we finally landed him behind the bars.

Doubtless I could give you a good many interesting episodes of those old times, but after all in such matters, I should "sit at the feet" of my dear old friend Boswell, who probably knows more of our inside history than any other man living. Ask him to tell you how he captured those three noted outlaws from three different roundups "and neither roundup knew they had left it." As he said in telling me about it, "we did not go after outlaws with a baggage train and brass band in those days, Mr. Sturgis." In the last six months that we ran our detective bureau, we sent eight (I think) men to the penitentiary and about that time property was more safe in Wyoming than in any other part of the nation. Cattle thieves were "almost as scarce as hens' teeth" and some of our members insisted that they were all gone and that "Sturgis was spending too much money." Baxter and others objected to paying the assessment of one per cent. per head and the bureau was closed. You know how long it took the rascals to come back, until no owner could go on his own range in the northern part of the State, and the result was "the Crusade." It was known in parts as "the invasion" but it was as sensible as the old crusades and about as successful, foredoomed to failure before it started. Those cattlemen found themselves paying five cents per head instead of one and found also that they failed to get protection, even at that rate, but Boswell knows all about that.

I cannot attempt to give you a history of the Association or anything like it at this time nor at this distance, for most of my records are in my quarters in Cheyenne, where I cannot well reach them, in the old offices of Charley Wright back of the Cheyenne Club.

Yours sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "W. Sturgis". The script is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping initial "W" and a long, trailing flourish at the end.

CHEYENNE, WYOMING, April 12, 1915.

MR. H. E. CRAIN,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

DEAR SIR:

You requested me to write some of my experiences and give a bit of early history concerning the start of the first stock association. I herewith submit the following:

I will state how I happened to be in Wyoming, and afterwards became interested in stock growing, a resident of this State, and made Cheyenne my home.

My brother, John H. Durbin, first came to Cheyenne in January, 1868. He entered the employ of Amos Peacock, who was a stockman and the owner of two meat markets, one located on Ferguson street, now Carey Avenue, which John was in charge of. He urged me to come and take charge of the other one, located on Eddy Street, now Pioneer Avenue. After making arrangements for six months' employment, I arrived in Cheyenne on August 20, 1869, and took charge of the Eddy Street market, until the big fire in January, 1870, when it burned down. The buildings were constructed of boards stood on end, battened with strips on outside and lined with muslin and papered inside. The fronts were square and sheeted with weather boards, and when the fire started, they burned like tinder. The wind blew and in a short time two city blocks were in ashes. The fire burned so rapidly that most of the stock on hand was consumed, together with some personal belongings. The loss by me was keenly felt, and my possessions were not very extensive then; but worse than that — I was out of business.

In the spring of 1870, brother John and I formed a co-partnership under the firm name of Durbin Brothers, and bought Amos Peacock's business. The purchase included his market, slaughter house, hogs, and nearly 500 head of cattle. The sale was made on the faith he had in us, as we had only

about \$1,500.00 to make the deal. In the fall of 1870, we bought 500 head of sheep from Peacock and they were the first sheep brought into Wyoming. They were ranged southwest of the town. The shipping of mutton from Omaha and other points for market purposes was very unsatisfactory, so we bought sheep to have them near to be slaughtered as needed. In 1871, we brought stock sheep to Wyoming and engaged in sheep raising. These were ranged where the Warren Live Stock Company now has a camp, about four miles from town.

We established our cow camp above Fort Russell on Crow Creek, where some time afterwards, Mr. E. W. Whitcomb built a home and later he sold it to Harry Oelrichs. Everybody knew Harry and this place was noted for its many social entertainments and tally-ho parties. It is now known as the Charley Hirsig Ranch.

In the spring of 1871, we moved our cattle to the Dick Lathom ranch on the old Fort Laramie freight road at Horse Creek. About this time we bought a contract from Benj. Gallagher, to furnish fresh beef from the block to Fort Russell for one year at \$8.35 per hundred. Mr. Gallagher had obtained a contract from the U. S. Government to furnish fresh beef at the price named to all the government forts in Wyoming, commencing July 1, 1871. It should be remembered that the grass in Wyoming at this time was abundant, and had some of the fattening qualities of corn. The game made no impression upon it. The cattle that were here made little difference in the supply left, so there was plenty of grass. We could go into our herd and find very acceptable beef ten months in the year, so we filled this contract and supplied the market from our herd.

In June or July of this year, we met D. H. and J. W. Snyder, stockmen, who were making a drive of cattle from Texas. We bought about 500 to help fill the contract with the government and supply our market. It was at this time that I first met C. F. Coffee, who trailed the herd from Texas. He was a good-natured, happy-go-lucky individual, who wore a smile that would not come off. Charley, as he was known, made several drives from Texas to Wyoming, and

arrived at destination on time, safe and sound. He was dubbed with the name of "Chalk Eye" on the trail, because he showed so much white in his eyes. Mr. Coffee drove a herd for himself in 1873 and located his stock on Box Elder, in this county, and is still engaged in stock growing, and is also interested in several substantial banks.

We moved our cattle east, or down Horse Creek from the Lathom ranch seventeen miles in 1872, and established a ranch called the J-D. We built a house, stable and corrals. The first time I went to the ranch that summer, I took 800 pounds of supplies in a spring wagon, with one horse pulling the load. My sister and Miss Johnson, who afterward in the fall became my wife, accompanied me. The directions given how to go were — face north and keep Long's Peak to my back and keep going. Those directions were all right up to the time I reached the breaks of Horse Creek, when over the divide Long's Peak was not to be seen. With nothing to go by, I followed an old surveyor's trail until Horse Creek was reached, then down the creek until camp was found. The distance, by nearest way, is thirty miles from Cheyenne, but I traveled forty miles in arriving there. We bought cattle this year and continued to do so each succeeding year.

Our nearest neighbor was M. V. Boughton, twelve miles north, on Bear Creek. John Freel, a freighter, had a camp eighteen miles east on Horse Creek, on the old freight road from Cheyenne to Red Cloud Agency on the Platte River, near the mouth of Horse Creek.

About twenty-five miles east of our camp, on the same creek, was the Creighton & Alsop cattle ranch, known as the "Half Circle Block." This firm was the owner of the largest herd in Wyoming at that time. I think their camp was first established in 1870. They owned several thousand head.

John W. Iliff owned cattle ranging on the north side of the South Platte River. They ranged between Evans and Julesburg, Colo. He was at this time the owner of more cattle than anyone, either in Colorado or Wyoming. My impression is he began in 1868.

J. M. Carey & Bro. engaged in stock growing, first located on Crow Creek near the mountains, and later moved to the

North Platte country where the city of Casper is built. This firm became one of the largest owners of cattle in Wyoming, and is still in the business.

The growth of the cattle business, up to and including 1873, had been rapid; many had engaged in it. The country where most of the stock had been turned loose was east of the mountains and between the Platte Rivers as far east as Ogallala, Neb., the cow camps growing closer each year. When a stock owner wished to work his cattle, he would send word to his neighbors and all would roundup, get their stock, brand calves, turn loose or drive home. But so many outfits had come in and rounded up the stock, and ginned them so much, they could never get fat. This continual working over and over of cattle was detrimental to the business, and those interested, seeing the necessity of a change in manner of working stock, wanted some plan or system laid down. After some of the owners had talked the matter over, they agreed to meet in Cheyenne some time during November.

The records of the "Laramie County Stock Association" show the following stock owners met in the office of D. C. Tracey, County Treasurer, on November 29, 1873: Messrs. M. V. Boughton, John Snodgrass, John H. Durbin, Thomas F. Durbin, M. A. Arnold, Tom McGee, A. H. Reel, W. L. Kuykendall, T. A. Kent, John F. Coad, and D. C. Tracey — eleven men at the first meeting. Only two are known to be living — Tom McGee and Thomas F. Durbin. M. V. Boughton was chairman and W. L. Kuykendall, secretary. Each of these gentlemen was elected later the the respective office as president and secretary.

The object of the meeting, as stated, was the general protection of the live stock industry and the best way of conducting the range work. On motion of Mr. Kent, it was decided to draft resolutions to present to the legislature. We adjourned until February, 1874, when we met in Kuykendall's office. At this meeting we got down to business. There were present about twenty-five stockmen. Great interest was manifested, every phase of the business being discussed, and each entered into a mutual pledge to see it through. We adjourned to February 24, 1874, when the

President appointed a committee consisting of D. H. Snyder, J. M. Carey, Mr. Maynard, H. N. Orr and A. H. Reel to draft rules governing roundups. The meeting adjourned to the first Monday in April, which was on April 6, 1874. We met when the committee on roundups reported and the report adopted. John Snodgrass was made foreman of the first roundups laid out in Wyoming. The place for starting was on Pole Creek, near Hillsdale, and the date, on or about May 15th. The route was east on Pole Creek to Potter, Nebraska; then return to Pine Bluffs and go north to the Creighton Ranch on Horse Creek, thence east to head of Lawrence Fork on Pumpkin Creek, thence east on Pumpkin Creek to Court House Rock, thence north to the North Platte River, thence west to the mouth of Horse Creek in Wyoming, south on Horse to mouth of Bear, the Fox, Lone Tree and Box Elder, then back to Horse Creek, and up said creek to Lathoms, when the roundup would divide, part going on up Horse Creek to mountains and on south to Crow, while the other part went north to Bear and east on Bear and disband, which took about five weeks.

During the winter storms cattle would generally drift south and east, in some instances travelling a hundred miles, so it was necessary to gather them. In order to do so, it required some mutual organized effort on part of owners to club in and send representatives, and when gathered, have sufficient help to drive them home.

In organizing the stock association and fixing the time for its meeting in April each year, it brought the owners together, where they could discuss their interests, plan for better protection, lay out the different roundups, name the foremen and fix the date and place of starting. The beginning of roundups were at first started with one, but the country covered in later years, the number increased to about forty. These meetings proved to be of great benefit. The growth of the business was rapid. It extended to every county in Wyoming, covering the entire range country in the Territory (now State)—and at its annual meetings there were representatives from more than half of the states in the Union.

In 1874 a county association — in 1879 it had become one of national importance. It was at the April meeting in 1879 that the name was changed to the "Wyoming Stock Growers Association," which name it still carries. It had outgrown its county name, but it had started in motion a business association from which results obtained we are unable to estimate.

The Association employed detectives to catch cattle and horse thieves, employed inspectors to inspect all cattle shipped to the market centers. The number of cattle sent to market each year would run from 120,000 to 180,000 head. It was said of this Association when it had its greatest meetings, that its membership represented a value of one hundred million dollars.

There is much that could be said about the Indians who made raids into the cow country, steal some horses, and occasionally kill a cowboy, when the cowboys would then arm themselves for protection. These were Sioux Indians who were running in southwestern Dakota and northwestern Nebraska, whose agency was north of the Platte.

In 1877, we sold the J-D ranch to Evans, Jackson and Haws of Council Bluffs, Iowa. We purchased the VB ranch on Bear Creek from M. V. Boughton and sold it to Sturgis & Lane in 1881, who were large owners of cattle. We then purchased the Jackson herd in 1881, located in Carbon County on the Sweetwater River. Sold half interest to Rosenbaum Bros. and Godfrey Snyderacker of Chicago, in 1883. Then we organized the Durbin Land and Cattle Company, with a capital of \$750,000.00. We purchased 15,000 Texas cattle in 1884 to add to our holdings. The shortage of feed on the range in 1886 and the spring of 1887 made the loss from fifty to sixty per cent. of all cattle in Wyoming.

In 1889 and 1890 we drove the remaining cattle to the Crow Reservation on Tullack Creek near the "Custer Battlefield" in Montana where they were sold later to Matt and William Murphy.

There are many incidents that could be related here that might prove of interest. What I have written is more of the personal matters that concerned the firm of Durbin Brothers.

You can make use of this in such a manner as in your judgment seems proper.

I am,

Yours truly,

Thomas F. Durbin

DUBLIN, 11th May, 1915.

DEAR MR. CRAIN:

I have searched my old correspondence and other documents relating to those far off ranching days and I have ransacked my memory for incidents connected with the Wyoming Stock Growers Association which might be worth recording. Nothing has come, I regret to say, that could possibly interest the readers of the history of that institution which you and others are about to give to the public.

I never was in the inner circles of the Association. I lived chiefly in the northern portion of the State and could not attend meetings in Cheyenne. Beyond obeying the laws of the Association and profiting by its protection, the only active part I took in its affairs was when a large number of us organised a presentation to Mr. Thomas Sturgis in recognition of the valuable services he rendered to it as its Secretary in the late seventies and early eighties.

Your letter, asking me to contribute something out of my recollections, reminded me of a connection in which the Stock Growers Association flashed across my mind a few years ago. I was writing a series of articles for "The Outlook", since published by the Macmilland Co. as a little book on The Rural Life Problem of the United States. My chief solution for that problem was the application of the co-operative principle to the American farmer's business. The following passage in a chapter entitled "The Weak Spot in American Rural Economy" may suggest to some a new aspect of the Association's work and the possibility that it exercised, unconsciously, an important influence upon later developments in American agriculture. Speaking of the backwardness of American farmers in the matter of business combination, in striking contrast with the readiness with which Americans

combine together in all other important business occupations, I said:

"Americans as a people are addicted to associated action. I have seen the principle of cooperation developed to the highest point in the ranching industry in the days of the unfenced range. Our cattle used to roam at large, the only means of identifying them being by certain registered marks made by the branding-iron and the knife. The individual owner would have had no more property in his herd than he would have had in so many fishes in the sea but for a very effective cooperative organisation. The Stock Association, with its "round-ups" and its occasional resort to the Supreme Court of Judge Lynch, were an adequate substitute for the title deeds to the lands, and for fences horse-high, bull-strong and hog-tight. But then we were in the Arid belt and the frontier-pioneer stage, we had no politics and no politicians."

With apologies for so poor a response to your request, which must not be attributed to any lack of sympathy with your undertaking, I am,

Yours sincerely,

Horace Plunkett

HARRY E. CRAIN, Esq.,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING, U. S. A.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS, February 8, 1917.

MR. HARRY E. CRAIN,
CHEYENNE, WYOMING.

DEAR MR. CRAIN:

While I was in Cheyenne I promised to write you some of my recollections of the early trail.

In 1867 Mr. Goodnight and Loving drove two herds of cattle from this country to Colorado by way of New Mexico. That was about the beginning of the trail drive from Texas. I went up as a cow hand with the second herd some two or three weeks behind the first herd. We went up the Pecos River up to New Mexico and Colorado. Mr. Goodnight and Mr. Loving both went with the first herd until they got some distance up the Pecos River, then Mr. Loving, with one of his men, one-armed Billy Wilson, left the herd, expecting to go to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, and have the cattle sold when they got there. A day or two after they had left the herd they got up on what is known as the Black River, coming into the Pecos River from the Guadalupe Mountains. Here a band of Indians attacked Wilson and Loving and ran them down to the Pecos River, just a short distance to the east, and wounded Mr. Loving in the arm very seriously. Wilson and Loving took refuge in the tall cane breaks and the Indians did not venture in after them, but got away with their horses and saddles. Along in the night Loving persuaded Wilson to go down to the Pecos River, swim down a distance and make his way back to the herd, saying that he was wounded himself and could not get away. Wilson did this and walked back on the trail about two days, without food, before he met the herd.

He was lying out under a bluff near the trail when the herd came along and a man by the name of Mose Cooch saw him lying there and went over and woke him up. Wilson reported what had happened, that Mr. Loving had told

him to go back to the herd as he didn't expect that he could get away, and they drove the herd on to Fort Sumner which was about 200 miles up the river. At first they doubted Mr. Wilson's statement but after seeing Mr. Loving, he, of course, corroborated what Wilson had said. The Indians, it seems, left the place after running the two men into the cane breaks, and Mr. Loving came out in the morning, got to the trail and tried to make it to Fort Sumner. About fourteen miles west of there he came upon some Mexicans with ox carts and they hauled him into Fort Sumner. When he arrived at Fort Sumner the wound in his arm was so serious that although the arm was amputated, blood poisoning set in and he died and was buried at Fort Sumner.

The herd I was with came along later. We had no trouble with our herd on the trail. We drove them up to Southern Colorado, arriving there the middle of December and about the first of February Mr. Goodnight sold the cattle to Iliff, who drove these cattle to Cheyenne right in mid winter. Our outfit then started on its return trip to Texas. We got an extra wagon and a pair of mules, exhumed Mr. Loving's body and hauled it to Weatherford, Texas, where he was buried. Mr. Loving was the great-grandfather of the Secretary of our Texas Association, Mr. E. B. Spiller. Mr. Charles Goodnight is still living at Goodnight, Texas, forty miles east of Amarillo, on the Ft. Worth & Denver, and has a famous herd of buffalo. In 1879, I went over the same trail all the way to Colorado and located on the Arkansas River just north of where La Junta is.

The next spring I drove 1000 head of cattle to Salt Lake, going out east of Denver and by way of Greeley, just at the time when Greeley was being first settled, then southwest of Cheyenne up Dale Creek and out by Laramie City, where Bill Nye used to run a newspaper. He had his office up over a livery stable and had a sign up to show his friends where to find him, which read something like this: "Go through to the back and take the ladder, but if you are in a hurry, wring the mule's tail and take the elevator." We drove all the way to Salt Lake that year and as there were no cattle on the trail to bother, it was more like a summer outing to me. From

Laramie we went west. There was all sorts of game along the trail, including elk and lots of fish; also fine grass for the stock. When we got to Bitter Creek the water was bad and grass was scarce and we had a pretty hard time until we got west of Green River, when we struck good country again. We crossed Hams Fork, Black Fork and Bear River and then reached the Mormon settlements. They were very nice to us and we could buy everything at reasonable prices and if our stock got into their crops the damage bills were very reasonable. We made our way around to Corinne, where Bear River runs into Salt Lake. There we bought a small bunch of California horses and returned to Colorado over the same trail, reaching there in November. Iliff, Hutton and Cratton at that time handled most of the cattle that came into that country.

In 1871, I made another drive and went over what was known as the Chisum trail, which went through by Fort Worth, where I now live, to Wichita, Kansas. Then, instead of going by Abilene, Kansas, to Ogalalla, Nebraska, I turned up the Arkansas and went to Colorado where I ranched for eight years. It is my memory that that year there were 450,000 cattle driven over the Chisum trail to Abilene and Ogalalla. Since then I have driven a number of herds through the Panhandle and up through Colorado and crossed the U. P. east of Cheyenne and into North Dakota.

I was very pleased to meet, while in Cheyenne recently, an old Texas cowboy by the name of J. B. Kendrick, who is now Governor of Wyoming, and was recently elected to the U. S. Senate.

Very truly yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "W. D. Reynolds". The signature is fluid and cursive, with the first letters of the first and last names being capitalized and prominent.

